Enter Richard Duke of Gloceſter ſolus.

NOw is the winter of our diſcontent.
Made glorious ſummer by this ſonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our houſe,
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments,
Our ſterne alarmes changd to merry meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull meaſures.
Grim-viſagde warre, hath ſmoothde his wrinkled front,
And now in ſteed of mounting barbed ſteedes,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries.
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſhapte for ſportiue tricke:,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glaſſe,
I that am rudely ſtampt and want loues maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deformd, vnfiniſht, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world ſcarce halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore ſince I cannot prooue a louer
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken daies,